THE
Lamentation of Troy,
for the death of
Hector.

Wherevnto is annexed an
Olde woman's Tale in hir
solitarie Cell.

Omne gerendum leue est.

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1594

To the Right Honorable Sir *Peregrin Bartue knight, Lord of Willoughby* and Earsby, al increaſe of Honor *and true happineſſe.*

IHaue preſumed (Right honourable) vpon theſe three reaſons to preſent this vnworthy pamphlet vnto your honors courteous view, and fauourable protection. The firſt is from your own noble worthineſſe, for that you are, and are ſo thought, the onely *Hector* of *Albion*: and therfore moſt worthy to protect *Hector*. The ſecond, for that it was the wil and deſire of the Ghoſt, of the woful Ghoſt of *Ilion* : that in hir teares you might behold the ſorrows of your owne countrey whenſoeuer iniurious fates ſhoulde cauſe you miſcarrie. The third and laſt is (my good Lord) mine owne priuate affection, wherein I haue long honoured you, and hauing no place to make it knowne, haue long deſired to finde ſome opportunitie to ſhew the ſame. I hope

your Lordſhip will pardon me, for that affection is a moſt veniall offence. And if heerein I doe not honour your Lordſhip ſo much as you are worthy, and I earneſtlie wiſh, yet pleaſe it you to fauour and pardon this firſt, and as time and yeares ſhall enable me with a more experienced iudgement and knowledge, I will ſtudie and endeuour that, which ſhal be more worthy your honours fauourable protection. Pleaſe it you accept, and I am graced, and my labour richly rewarded. I ceaſe to trouble your Lordſhip further at this time, I vow my ſelfe to your Lordſhips ſeruice, and ſo moſt humbly take my leaue.

Your Honours humbly
at command,

I. O.

The Prologue.

WHilom to him (whom Morpheus God of ſleepe,
Made ſlumbring dreames his ſences al to keepe,
Lockt in the priſon of the darkeſome night,
When eares were deafe and eyes could ſee no light,
When men are made the liuely forme of death,
Saue onely that they ſoftly draw a breath)
Did come a Ghoſt, a ghoſt moſt gaſtly crying,
Helpe me to death that haue ſo long beene dying.
With that he wakened and with feare beholding,
Saw hir lament, her armes togither folding,
A pale-wan thing, and yet with wounds freſh bleeding
Sodden in teares, in teares that were exceeding.
He much afright began to ſhrinke for feare,
She bad him feare not, but my ſtory heare,
I am Troys ghoſt that now appeares to thee,
And well I know that thou haſt heard of me.
But now I come not what I was to tell,
For what I was (alas) each'one knowes wel.
I come to thee to craue thy gentle ayde,
To further her that hath ſo long beene ſtaide
From bliſſefull reſt: becauſe I haue not told
My woes for Hector which I muſt vnfold,
But that (alaſſe) am I not able euer,
To ſhew alone without the kind endeuor
Of ſome good wight, that can bewaile with me,
And tell my tale while I ſhall weeping be.
The churliſh Charon thwarts my paſſage ouer
Saying my ſoule ſhal neuer bliſſe recouer,
Till I haue doone this weary taske impoſed,
Neuer my ghoſt ſhal be in reſt repoſed.
O helpe me then to tell my doleful ſtory,
That I at laſt may ceaſe to be ſo ſory.

The Prologue.

First will I speake, and to the world declare
For Hectors *death mine euerlasting care,*
So long, til teares doe stop my faltring tong,
And when I cease I pray thee tell along.
He then accorded to hir pitteous sute
Granting to speake when teares did make hir mute,
So that she would lay open to his eies
The cause and manner of hir wofull cries.
Then forth with causde she vnto him appeare
The forme of Troy, *the persons that were there*
Chiefest mourners for worthy Hectors *death*
As they then wailde when fates new stopt his breath.
He then emboldende stoutly veiwd them all,
And tels her tale, when she from speach doth fall.
Writing their words vnto the world to shew them
It was her will that he might so renew them.
Yet had she rather Spencer would haue told them,
For him she calde that he would helpe t'vnfold them.
But when she saw he came not at hir call
She kept hir first man that doth shew them all
All that he could: but all can no man shew,
But first she spake as after doth ensew.

Troys Lamentation for
the death of Hector.

LO here the teares and ſad complaint of her
Within whoſe gates all ioyes were once abounding,
Faire *Ilions* teares whoſe deepe laments may ſtir
A flintie hart vnto a ſigh-reſounding
Yet for hir ſelfe doth *Ilion* not mone,
But for hir *Hector* which is dead and gone.

Sweet ſacred *Muſes*, you whoſe gentle eares
Are wont to liſten to the humble praier
Of plaining *Poets*, and to lend your teares
From your faire eies vnto a woes-diſplayer,
Now reſt your ſelues: your ayde I not implore,
For in my ſelfe I finde aboundant ſtore.

Nor can I craue vpon your blubbered cheeks
That you for me more ſhowers ſhould be raining,
Though you are kind to euery one that ſeekes
Yet haue you matter for your owne complaining.
I ſaw your teares and pittifull wamentings:
But they are few that liſt to your lamentings.

Good naturde *Nymphs* you are too milde for me,
Troy tels of horror and of driery things,
Let your faire ayde in Loue and Muſick be,
Or in his tongue which pleaſant Poems ſings.
Furies and Frenſies are fit companie
To helpe to blaſe my wofull tragedie.

The damned Soules that liue in laſting paine,
Whoſe endleſſe torments force them to be yelling
Sounds euer balefull, and whoſe bane againe
Is, that in torture they are euer dwelling:
Their ſighes and ſhrikes accompanie full well,
My trembling toong this greeuous tale to tell.

Snake-wreath'd *Alecto* and *Megara* railing,
Howling *Tisiphon* euermore lamenting
With all that vgly is, or elſe ſtill wailing,
Their curſed haps: and are deepe hell frequenting:
Such as breath ſulphur in eternal groning,
They are companions fitting to my moning.

Stone-rowling *Siſiphus* in his wearie taske,
And thirſtie *Tantalus* in his ruer biding,
And wofull *Yxyon*, al theſe might I aske,
To be with ſhrikes my drery penne a guiding.
But I my ſelfe ſuffice without aſsiſtance,
If ſoules effuſion be ſufficient greeuance.

Hector thou knowſt or elſe thy ſoule doth know
For thou alas art *Hector* now no more,
Haue *Troy* ten thouſand ſoules ſhe will beſtow
Them all on thee, and powre them out before
The throne of *Ioue* for mercy euer calling,
For (ah) thy ruine was our vtter falling.

But why (alas) muſt thou needs die ſo ſoone,
Troys cheefe-ſupporter, and the worlds great-wonder?
O let the man that thee to death hath doone,
From deaths fel torments neare be ſeene aſunder.
O let him euer die, yet not be ſlaine,
But when he would be dead, reuiue againe.

Heape on him torments, and ore-whelme with woes,
Hels Queene *Proſerpina* this I begge of thee,
And if there be ſome wights thou countſt thy foes,
O with thoſe plagude ones let him placed be:
Or if there be a place thats worſe than hel,
Grant me this boone, that he may in it dwel.

I ſpeake not (Princeſſe) of a ſhallow greefe:
His damned ſtroke hath pierſt euen to my ſoule
And at thy hands I humblie craue releefe,
That as I mourne: ſo he may euer houle
Of thee I beg, bicauſe thou art a Queen,
And Womens mercy more then mens is ſeene.

Or

Or if the Grim-god *Pluto* thy black Lord,
Doe hold thee ſtraight and giue thee no ſuch power:
Yet to his griſly-hood ſpeake a gentle word,
Your ſex hath euer one perſwading howre,
Wherein they wiſh theyr huſbands to their will,
O praie him then that he torment *Achill.*

Fowle helborne-monſter ſent vppon the earth,
By froward anger and vntoward will:
Only to worke poore *Troy* and *Ilions* death,
which then thou wroughtſt when thou didſt *Hector* kill:
But thou art curſt and damned for that deede,
And for thy ſake accurſt is all thy ſeede.

How could thy heart conſent to heaue thy hand,
Gainſt him whoſe body was as then vnarmed?
That worthy man the flower of all the land,
Which neuer any but with honour harmed.
How couldſt thou then ſo cowardly him tuch?
But thou didſt feare: his valure was ſo much.

Like as a Beare that hungry is of pray,
Yet dares not buckle with a bigger beaſt:
Doth watch occaſion and his time doth ſtay,
Till ſure aduantage bids him to a feaſt,
And then deuouers and teares all that he can:
So didſt thou waite to ſpoile this worthy man.

But thou art ſpoyld and he ſtill worthy is,
Thy honour loſt but his for euer biding:
Nor breaths the wight that ſpeakes of him amiſſe,
All men all glory are to him aſcribing.
And when you both are named tis this men ſay,
Achilles baſely did braue *Hector* ſlay.

Why then ſweet *Homer* did thy pen miſcarry
That writes ſuch wonders in *Achilles* name?
Thou madſt his praiſe amongſt the ſtarres to tarry,
And in the skies thou regeſtred his fame
He were immortall by thy Angels tounge,
But that herein thou doeſt a double wronge.

Wrong vnto him that nere deſerued ſo,
Wrong to thy ſelfe in flattering him too much:
Thou made his worth both men and gods to know,
And heauens can tell the cauſe was neuer ſuch.
What worthy mind by treaſon would aſaile?
When as he knew that valure might preuaile.

Hector had hurt him hand to hand afore.
I, Then he knew his power and his force,
Which euer after lyke a greedy bore
Made him to ſeeke his life for to diuorce
From that faire temple wherein t'was well placed,
Who neuer ceaſed till it was out raced.

Then why did *Homer* Laureat of his time,
Conſume the ſweet of his mellifluous tongue
In hony lines, and from his golden chime
Chaunt forth in muſick a mellodious ſong
To ſweeten him, that men ſhould with delight
For euer read his praiſes day and night?

But twas the larges of his liberall hand,
Which makes ſome Poets pipe as they will daunce,
At whoſe deuotion theyr good witts do ſtand,
Waiting and preſt their honoures to aduance.
But *Homer* thou that couldſt immorrall men,
Shouldſt not be thought to haue a flattering pen.

No no it was thy kindnes that did giue
Thy countryman the glory of thy witt:
Nor can I thinke that thou by him didſt liue,
But thou wert faine in him to blaſon it;
Had *Hector* been a Græcian borne I know,
Achilles name had nere been honoured ſo.

There had bene matter for thy heauenly verſe,
A golden ſubiect for thy Siluer tounge:
His glorious acts were worthy to reherſe
And had ſweet *Homer* of braue *Hector* ſong
Vnto thy ſelfe ſuch houour had it be
As for *Achilles* to be ſung of thee.

There was the true looking-glas of honour,
In which together did all vertue ſtay
The worlds wonder for a worthy warriour,
A man moſt rare accompliſht euery way:
And to ſay truth of ſuch exceding fame,
That none but *Homer* can declare the ſame.

O then good *Spencer* the only *Homer* liuing,
Deign for to write with thy fame-quikninge quill:
And though poore *Troy* due thanks can not be giuing,
The Gods are iuſt and they that giue them will.
Write then O *Spencer* in thy Muſe ſo trim,
That he in thee and thou maieſt liue in him.

Although thou liueſt in thy *Belphabe* faire,
And in thy *Cynthia* likely art to ſhine,
So long as *Cynthia* ſhineth in the ayre:
Yet liue and ſhine in this ſame Sunne of mine.
O liue in him that whilom was my Sun,
But now his light and ſo my life is done.

With that ſhe wepte and that ſo piteouſly,
As ſhe had been diſſolued all to teares:
Throbbing forth ſighs ſhriking ſo hideouſly,
As one that inly endles torments beare?
But ore a while: for euerie thing muſt ſtay,
She ceaſt hir plainte and gan agine thus ſay.

O tell my griefes, and to this worlde them ſound
As I in ſighs doo ſend them forth to thee:
Was neuer dole ſo driery to be found,
As is the dolour that is now in me.
Tell how I dround in teares, in ſcalt-ſighs burne,
And while thou ſigheſt I will ſitte and mourne.

View but my lookes and thou ſhalt feeling write
My troubled ſpirit, and how it ſighs with grones,
And ſtill regard mine eies that want their light,
Blinded with teares that iſſue from my mones,
And here, O here, behold dead *Hector* ſhoken,
And thou ſhalt ſpeake as if my ſelfe had ſpoken.

Then did ſhe ſhew me *Hector* where he lay,
Pointing hir finger, holding backe hir head,
Scarce had ſhe power, *Lo here he is*, to ſay,
It was ſuch death to ſee hir *Hector* dead.
There did I ſee the king, the Queene, all *Troy*
In mourning weedes, bewailing their annoy.

Priam
Olde-aged *Priam* kneeling ore the corſe,
With trickling teares diſtilling from his eyes:
Looketh vpon him with a deepe remorſe,
And heauie cheere doth view him as he lies,
His luke-warme drops fall downe on *Hectors* face,
He wipes them ſtill, and ſtill they fall apace.

Paſsion be-duls him that he cannot ſpeake,
Groning he ſits, and ſhaking of his head,
And then he ſobs as if his hart would breake,
That of his death too, they are all afraid.
Only he cried, O my ſonne, my ſonne,
But ſpeech did faile him, yer it was begun.

One while he beats his ſigh-ſwolne breſt and cries,
But then a manly courage ſtaies his crying
From being heard: and then he lifts his eies
Vp to the heauens, his fingers iointly tying.
"But mores his fire the more he chokes his fumes,
"For inward griefe pent in the hart conſumes.

Thus did the olde-man in his mellowed yeares,
Bewaile the wind-fall of his fruit vnripe,
His ſiluer beard he pearled all with teares,
Which faſter fell then he (good-man) could wipe.
Nothing he ſaid, but O my ſonne, my ſonne,
His breath ſtil ſtopping ere he halfe had done.

The good king *Dauid* neuer wailed ſo,
And yet he wailde for *Abſolon* his ſonne
With flouds of teares which ſtormes of ſighes did blow,
As hath this *Priam* for his *Hector* done.
"Death of a priuate ſonne doth grieue one ſore,
But loſſe of ſuch a one gals ten times more.

The godly Patriarch *Abraham* did greeue,
In ſacrifice to offer vppe his ſonne:
Vnto *Iam* and but he did beleeue,
His fleſh and bloud would ſuch a murther ſhun.
If fleſh and bloud to looſe a ſonne be loth,
Then needes muſt *Priam* who was meerely both.

Great was the gall vnto *Harpagus* hart,
When king *Aſtiages* gaue to him his ſonne:
Whom he had ſlaine before (O cruell part)
Then gaue his father him to banquet on.
But this, nor thoſe were halfe ſo much as his,
For *Priam* loſt the piller of his bliſſe.

Alaſſe (good king) that thou whoſe hap was ſuch,
As neuer any might compared be,
That Fortune now at thy good hap ſhould grutch,
Alas (I ſay) that thou ſhouldſt liue to ſee.
The Wheele ſo turne euen now to vieu thy fal,
Who wert but euen now on the top of all.

Next him ſat wailing in moſt pitious wiſe,
Hectors fayre mother *Hecuba* the Queene: *Hecuba.*
Hir outward lookes hir inward ſmart deſcries,
And by hir ſighing was hir ſorrowe ſeene.
A mothers loue vnto hir childe exceedes,
And death of him hir endleſſe torment breedes.

Aye me (ſhe cries) as women wont to doe,
That ere *I* did conceiue thee in my wombe:
Thy life was mine, thy death is now my woe,
Aye that my bellie had beene ſtil thy tombe.
Rather I had I neuer had thee borne,
Then thus in thee to ſee all *Troy* forlorne.

When I thy brother *Paris* did conceiue,
I dreamt my wombe was all on burning fire:
And true it was, he doth me not deceiue,
I feare we burne all by his hot deſire.
Yet hadſt thou liu d thy ſelfe had beene a ſpring,
To quench theſe flames that now are kindleing.

For when I bred thee (few doe know ſo much)
I dreamt a Sea was in my body flowing,
And that the rage of *Aeolus* was ſuch,
That blaſts of winde the waues thereof were blowing.
I tolde it none: ſo was the ſence nere found,
But now I both do finde and feele the ground.

Theſe Seas of teares which heere about thee flow,
Are thoſe ſame ſeas which I ſuppoſde to be
Theſe ſtormes of ſighs, the winds with them did blow,
Thus is my viſion verified in thee.
Now that a ſigne of theſe Seas may be ſeene,
I will be called of ſadde ſeas the Queene.

Hecuba queen of ſad Seas.

The *Troyan* Queene is *Hecuba* no more,
Aye me, me thinkes I ſee it now decaying:
Hector is dead: the *Greekes* do dance therefore,
And they giue thanks while we for ayde are praying.
Frowne not O *Neptune* that I am Queene of Seas,
For Queene on earth great Ioue it doth not pleaſe.

With that ſhe weeping tote hir haire and ſaid:
See, ſee, they come to take away my crowne,
Like one halfe frantike, or with feare diſmaide,
Looke, looke ſhe cries they'r burning of the towne.
O *Hector* helpe vs, ſhe alowd him cals,
He cannot heare hir, ſhe to weeping fals.

Elkanah thy *Hannah* neuer ſight ſo ſore,
Nor begd with teares that ſhe by thee might beare
A ſonne: although ſhe powred out before
Hir makers throne, her ſoule who did hir heare.
With tithe of teares I ſay did ſhe not craue him,
As loſſe of hirs ſhe mournd yet could not ſaue him.

Thomyris thy teares for *Spargapiſes* ſlaine
By *Cyrus* hand the butcher of thy ſonne:
Were not a few which from thy cloudie brain,
Thou didſt let fal to heare what he had donne.
But (O) the drops which *Hecuba* did ſhoure,
For thee to ſhed was neuer in thy powre.

She loſt hir ſtay, hir piller, and a ſonne,
Thou loſt a ſonne but neyther ſtaie nor piller:
In *Hectors* death, *Hecubaes* life was done,
Thou hadſt the head of *Spargapiſes* killer,
And victreſſe wert liuing in ioy long after:
She euer mournde and neuer moued laughter.

Thus ſat the mother of that worthy man,
Weeping vpon him in aboundant raine:
Claſping his body ſtrongly as ſhe can
Into hir armes, and then ſhe weepes againe.
Hugging him hard as thogh ſhe would then take him
Into the place where great *Ioue* firſt did make him.

By hir I ſawe a goodly Lady bright,
A ſtately dame as one ſhal lightly ſee,
But that ſome drooping clouds then dimnd hir ſight:
I askt *Troys* ghoſt, what might that Lady be:
This is (quoth ſhe) *Andromache* his wife, *Andromache*
Whom ſhe did loue more dearely then hir life.

She wept and wailde and wroong hir hands, and tare
Hir clothes, hir haire, hir fleſh from off hir face:
A babie too within hir armes ſhe bare,
Aye me, me thought it was a pitious caſe,
To ſee the babe vppon hir breaſt to lie,
And both to weepe, the childe not knowing why.

O heare my Lord, O heare thy handmaid ſpeake,
I am *Andromache* thy louing wife:
Through thy dead ſenſes let my words now breake
Thou that refuſde to heare me in thy life.
Ah hadſt thou liſtned when thou liuing wert,
This greefe had neuer come ſo nigh my hart.

Thou madſte no reckoning of my viſion ſtrange,
"Braue men are wont to be too credulous:
My dreame did tell me that thy life muſt change
If thou this day with Greekes wert venturous.
I tolde it thee: But Womens words are toyes
When men moſt wilfull ſeeke their owne annoies.

I tolde the King our Father and the Queene,
We all did pray thee: All could not preuaile:
For valiant men will haue their valure ſeene.
Hector that day muſt needes the Greekes aſſaile,
That day? that one day couldſt thou not forbeare?
But men reſolued perſwaſions will nor heare.

Then flouds of teares ran downe hir chriſtall cheekes,
Like ſtreames that follow along the ſiluer ſandes:
A troubled ſoule in teares hir comfort ſeekes,
(O heauy comfort that in mourning ſtandes)
Yet woman ſay in weeping there is glory,
Which mede this Lady ſo exceeding ſory.

The ſweete young Infant that lay all this while,
Vppon the Downe-bed of his mothers breſt:
One while would crie, another while did ſmile,
Alas it knew no cauſe of ſuch vnreſt,
Vnles that this did make the babie weepe,
To heare what howling they about him keepe.

Sometimes it would the tender hand vp lay,
And ſpread the fingers on the mothers face:
Stroking hir cheekes as Infantes vſe to play,
But ſhe that now for ſporting had no place,
Weeping did wet the childe as it did lie,
With briniſh teares which made the babe to cry.

Then with a napkin doth ſhe drie his face.
Peace, peace (ſweet hart) thus ſhe hir yonglinge ſtills:
He to his plaieng falles againe apace,
She with hir teares againe his boſome filles.
And with hir ſobs ſhe beates him as he lies,
That now the childe with ceaſeles ſhriking cryes.

Alacke the tormentes that ſhe now endueres,
The cruell plunges in hir hart ſo ſore:
Hir husbandes death hir endles woe inſures,
The childes fell crieng makes hir tormentes more.
Thus ſhe (ſweete Lady) is of all accurſt,
Who ſittes and ſighs as if hir hart ſhould burſt.

The faithfull *Porcia* neuer ſorrowed ſo,
Although hir ſelfe for *Brutus* ſhe did kill:
The louing *Phillis* neuer felt the woe,
Though for *Demophoon* ſhe hir ſelfe did ſpill.
As did *Andromach* for hir *Hector* ſlayne,
Their Death cut off: hir life prolonges hir paine.

Panthea deplord *Abradatas* his death,
With gaulling griefe and bitter percing ſtings:
But yet hir ſorrow made hir ſtop hir breath,
Thus death a period to hir tormente brings.
But this ſweete Lady woe hath ſo poſſeſt,
That ſhe muſt liue and death may giue no reſt.

No preſent reſt and ſo no reſt at all,
Death when he came (he came) but came too late:
Sorrow before had wroght hir vtter fall,
Thus had ſhe cauſe both death and life to hate.
Death that did ſtay and do hir ſo much wrong,
To linger life that liu'd in death ſo long.

By hir *Caſſandra* with hir lolling locks, *Caſſandra*
Diſſheuerd all vpon hir ſhoulders lieng:
With heauie chere hir thought-ſore breſt ſhe knocks,
So hard as *Eccho* is againe replieng
A dolfull thump: the Temple ſo did ſound,
And thus ſhe waits hir brother in that ſtound.

Ay me ſhe cries, I knew this long before,
That *Paris* fire muſt haue a ſea to quench it:
And now I feare the flames will burne ſo ſore,
As we in time ſhall neuer liue to ſtanche it.
The only ſpring wherein the vertue lay,
To ſlake the fire is dride and dead this day.

O *Hector* thou that wert our ſpring of life,
Thy death is now the cauſe of many a ſpring:
Fountaines do flowe in euery corner rife,
Of blubering teares thers now no other thing
In *Troy* but teares ſince *Hector* did depart,
For (ah) thy death hath cauſd our endleſſe ſmart.

Quanta per has neſcis flamma petatur aquas.

I tolde my brother *Paris* what would fall,
And that a flame ſhould follow through the ſeaes
At his returne, he gaue no heed at all,
But hoiſted ſaile, his fancy he would pleaſe
He burnt with loue, and we ſhall burne by loue,
As by thy death I feare poore *Troy* ſhall proue.

Yet hadſt thou liu'd, (alas what booteth had?)
Thou doſt not liue, and therefore dies my ſoule:
Yet while I liue in ſable garments clad,
For thee (my brother) will I ſitte and howle.
And now I come to beare them company,
Who went afore in this thy tragedy.

Then ſat ſhe downe hard by hir Siſters ſide,
Andromache that did with teares brine,
The margine fill of *Hectors* wound ſo wide,
By trickling drops diſtilling from hir eien.
There did ſhe weepe with, hir the King and Queene,
And next to mourne came in faire *Pollicene*,

Pollixine.

Alas that virgines ſhould be ſo diſtract,
To ſpoile ſweete faces that are made ſo pleaſing,
She tore hir golden haire (O rufull acte),
And on hir forhead was hir nailes a feazing.
The blood ran downe and teares ore-tooke the ſame,
And both guſht afreſh when ſhe did *Hector* name.

Hir tender limmes did tremble as ſhe ſtood,
As did *Diana* when the huntſeman ſpide hir:
Vnlucky huntſeman ranginge in the wood,
She being naked hauing nought to hide hir.
Thus did ſhe quake, ſuch is a virgines feare,
To ſe him dead whome ſhe did hold ſo deare.

Shriking ſhe cries alas what ſhall I doo?
Hector is dead that was our only ſtay:
Troy ſhall be burnt, and I deflowred to,
The angry Gods conclude our wrack this day.
For in the ſtopping of this one mans breath,
They plainly ſhew they minace *Ilions* death.

Yet

Yet gentle Gods vouchſafe a virgines praier,
Through Criſtall skies to pierce your ſacred eares:
O heare my voice, my voice my harts-bewraier,
My hart and voice that are be-duld with teares.
O heare, now heare a pure virgines mones,
If euer Gods did heare a virgines grones.

Here haue we Temples builded to your names,
And with deuotion we doe them adore:
Our Altars ſmoke with ſweet perfumed flames,
And on our knees your graces we implore.
Why are you angry then O Gods with vs,
That in all dutie reuerence you thus?

But Reaſon muſt not reaſon with the Gods,
It is their wil, what wil then dare ſay nay?
They will the *Greekes* and *Troyans* be at ods,
Vntil poore *Troy* be brought vnto decay.
Our incenſe ſtinks, our ſacrifice diſpleaſe,
No offring may their kindled ire appeaſe.

Hector is dead in whom they did delight,
Hector our ſacrifice and incenſe ſweet,
Who while he liu'd, we truſted in his might:
The Gods ſtill laide the *Grecians* at his feet.
Til that their wrath was kindled ouer *Troy*,
And then diſpleaſde they tooke from vs our ioy.

O ſend him backe faire heau'ns for our defence,
If that the Gods wil part with ſuch a treaſure:
But (ah) my praier may breed more offenſe,
O keepe him then, I know it is your pleaſure.
This is the prayer which I humbly craue,
That I be laide a virgine in my graue.

I know the Letcher hopes to haue his will,
Now that my honours chiefeſt guard is gone:
But I with *Phillis* firſt my ſelfe wil kill,
Ile be no pray for him to ſeaz vpon.
He ſlew my brother, hopes he now of me?
Nobloudy traytor, that ſhal neuer be.

Thinkſt thou a Virgins pure affection can,
Admit thee loue that paſſeth thorough bloud?
Haſt thou by treaſon ſlaine ſo braue a man,
And by that reaſon hopſt thou ſo much good,
As that my hart wil euer yeelde to thee?
No bloudy traitor, it ſhal neuer be.

I neuer yet did ſtaine my ſpotleſſe hart,
By taking comfort in a ſtrangers death,
And dooſt thou thinke it were a Siſters part,
To loue the man that ſtopt hir brothers breath?
My brother dearer then my life to me,
No bloudy traitor, it ſhal neuer be.

My hand, this hand which neuer yet did act,
Where rigour, force, or violence might be found,
Shal rather yeeld to worke a bloudy fact,
Which yet t'attempt my tender hart would ſwound.
Or in my ſelfe or elſe in murdring thee,
Rather then thou ſhalt euer ioy in me.

But yet I know that I am deere to thee,
I and I know that once I lou'd thee deerely:
But now my hart hath quite forgotten thee,
And inlie longs to puniſh thee ſeuerely.
My feruent loue ſhal now he turnde to hate,
And once my will ſhal worke againſt my fate.

O *Hector* how ſhal I lament for thee,
When Womens teares are not ſufficient ſtrong:
Let heauen and earth for me auenged be,
While I bewaile thee in a ſighing ſong.
I can bewaile thee but while life doth laſt,
But if I may, I wil, when life is paſt.

Then with an heauy cheere and downe-caſt looke,
She ſat hir downe amidſt the mourning crew:
And to her teares hir ſelfe ſhe hath betooke,
At whoſe approch the reſt doe al renew.
Their doleful ſhrikes which ſtinted not before,
But greater number makes their ſhriking more.

Aloofe

Aloofe from theſe did ſtand in ſable weedes,
"(For mourning garments fit a mourneful mind)
A man whoſe hart and very ſoule now bleedes,
To ſee that *Hector* was to death aſſignde. *Paris*
And this was *Paris* brocher of their woe,
But he to *Greece* by Heauens inſtinct did go.

Venus commanded, who could hir denie?
Had ſhe not giuen, me thinkes a man ſhould craue it:
For ſuch a prize who would not Fortune trie,
And venture life, and goods, and al to haue it?
Nor fire nor water ſhould his paſſage ſtay,
To gaine fruition of ſo ſweet a pray.

Yet now he mourns, "for euery ſweet hath ſower,
(Alaſſe that pleaſure is not euer biding)
But like an herbe that buddeth with a ſhower,
Should with a froſt againe away be gliding.
Why haue the gods Loues-queen immortal made,
And yet hir ioyes like withered graſſe do fade?

But now he mournes and pleaſure muſt not dure,
Hector is dead: and therefore doth it periſh,
While *Hector* liu'de they thought themſelues ſecure,
But ſince his death none can the *Troyans* cheriſh.
Ech man can mourne but none can comfort make,
Al *Troy* doth greeue ſo much for *Hectors* ſake.

Poore *Paris* he is in a world of woes,
Legions of ſorrowes do poſſeſſe his heart:
And as a man al mal-content he goes,
Or like an actor in a tragike part.
In muttering words vnto himſelfe he talkes,
And then he ſtands and ſighes, and then he walkes.

Stopping his pace as doth a troubled wight
That goes, then ſtands, and then turnes backe againe,
Hiding his face he hates to ſee the light,
For darkeneſſe fits a melancholy braine.
Only he wil ſometime lift vp his eies,
And gaſtly looke at *Hector* as he lies.

Thus doth he walke like one that is amaſed,
Biting his lip impaling ſo his griefe:
For men do ſcorne to haue their ſorrowes blaſed,
By ſhrikēs and teares which women giues reliefe.
"But greateſt windes are when there is no raine,
And ſo in ſighs thus *Paris* doth complaine.

O heauens (quoth he) why are you ſo vniuſt,
To heape on me more woes than I can beare?
Why did you lay my glorie in the duſt,
And yet torment me with a greater feare.
Did you me vppe into your boſome take,
To throw me thence into the *Stygian* lake?

Was *Paris* borne to be his Countreys bane?
Were Goddeſſes conſpiring therevnto?
Did *Venus* therefore into *Greece* me traine
That I ſhould be the inſtrument of woe?
Why do the Gods poore *Ilions* death conſpire,
And make men ſay that I ſet *Troy* on fire?

The cauſe was iuſt that in the *Aegean* ſeas,
I launcht my ſhip and hoiſted ſaile amaine:
Bending for *Greece*, I did not goe to pleaſe
Laſciuious wil as ſome vniuſtlie faine.
For though that ſhe my hart did nighly tuch,
Yet were there reaſons that did moue as much.

Proude *Telamon* borne in *Achaia* land,
With-held by force faire *Exion* mine Aunt:
The pride of whom ſo nigh our harts did ſtand,
That *Grecians* ſhould in *Troyan* conqueſts vaunt.
That ſweet Reuenge did bid vs ſeeke awaie,
To rid our friend that did in bondage ſtaie.

My father then for hir his ſiſter deare,
Did cal a counſell crauing their aduiſe:
And euerie one ſpake *Pro & contra* there,
In waightie cauſes ſo it is the guiſe.
Eche man to ſpeake what lieth in his breſt,
And then the king ſet downe what likes him beſt.

Some

Some led by reaſon thought it very meet,
(Not euery one can future things foreſee)
That we ſhould now erect a mighty fleete,
And make for *Greece* in al the haſt might be,
Eyther to loſe mine Aunt from out hir tether,
Or elſe to rape ſome *Grecian* Lady hether.

Of this aduiſe was that good *Deiphobus*,
My brother deare and eke a worthy knight:
And vnto him aſſent did *Troylus*,
For well they knew our valure and our might.
And with their iudgements was my liking ſeene,
Hauing my leſſon taught me by Loues-queene.

Beſides, Reuenge did hammer in our heads,
And eke a care to eaſe our fathers woe:
Our might in men, in armes, in ſtately ſteeds,
My fathers griefe, our right doe al ſay goe.
The king himſelfe approou'd our counſell well,
But then ſome others gan him thus to tel.

My Lord (quoth *Hector*) I, that gals my heart,
My woes redouble when I doe him name,
I feele my ſences from their ſubiects part,
And ſcorching ſighes my troubled ſoule inflame.
O, had his verdict yet beene with the reſt,
Such ſtormes had neuer beaten in my breſt.

His prudent counſel did diſſuade from warre,
His courage though did manage ſtil the ſame,
Twixt *Greekes* and vs there was an auncient iar,
Which euerie man did with reuenge inflame.
But he whoſe hart was neuer yet affraid,
In wiſedome wiſhed peace, and thus he ſaid.

My Lord (quoth he) and eke my father deere,
Whoſe ſage aduiſe with reuerence I doe honour:
Pleaſe it your grace benignly me to heare,
Speaking by ſupport of your high fauour,
And eke to pardon what be ſaid amiſſe,
Touching the voyage this my iudgement is.

I know right well by force of Natures might,
Nothing is ſweeter than reuenge to man:
When very beaſts of wrongs themſelues wil right,
And render like for like in what they can.
Then needs your hart muſt for reuengement long,
That haue ſuſtainde by *Greekes* ſo great a wrong.

But yet you ſee their power is very great,
(I ſpeake not this for cowardiſe or dread:
For Gods do know my ſoule dooth inlie fret,
Til I may reap the proudeſt Grecians head.
And in their bloud I bathe my thirſtie blade,
Thats neuer quencht, ſo much am *I* afraide.)

But this I ſay the *Grecian* force is great,
Europe and *Africk* doe ſupport their might:
The men are Warlike and they will intreat,
A weaker foe with termes of vile deſpight.
I wiſh that therefore you be wel aduiſed,
Before your purpoſe yet be enterpriſed.

Aſia is rich, and we in peace now flouriſh,
Preſume not though on Fortune for a ſmile:
For though that *Troy* a troope of Gallants nouriſh,
And men reſolude, yet ſhe may al beguile.
Then truſt not hir whoſe truth was neuer knowne,
"Better ſit ſtil then riſe and ouerthrowne.

And yet ſo great a wrong done in deſpite,
Cannot be brooked by a noble mind:
Peſants may beare, but Kings muſt needes requite
*A*buſes offred, when they doe them finde,
Wrought in contempt, intended to diſgrace,
Whoſe thoughts are leſſe, deſerue a lower place.

But yet (dread ſir) forecaſt what may befal,
Such high matters deepe iudgement doe require:
A ſudden blaſt may ouerthrow vs al,
One little ſparke may ſet al *Troy* on fire.
Reſpect the ende, beginnings oft are faire,
*A*nd promiſe much yet iſſue in deſpaire.

Like

Like to the flattering face of *Phœbus* bright,
That in the morne his curteine will vnſpread:
And grace the earth with ſhine of glittering light,
Shewing the world his beamy-gorgeous head.
Then by and by his glory all will ſhrowd,
Within the compaſſe of a gloomy cloude.

Mine Aunt is dere. The wrong not to be borne,
Hir bondage baſe. Your ſorrow full of danger.
Inſulting greekes ech *Troian* hart doth ſcorne,
Yet watch your time wherein to worke your anger.
And then powre downe your wrath in violls full,
And cruſh the braines of each barbarian ſcull.

So ſhall your purpoſe take his ſound effect,
This ſudden complot may repentance breed:
Then for your ſelfe and countries weal reſpect,
And of their force and malice take good heed.
Better mine *Aunt* ſhould yet in bondage tarry,
Then for hir ſake both you and *Troy* miſcarry.

Thus to your highnes haue I told my mind,
Wiſhing too raſhly that you not attempt
The ſpitefull Greekes. Time will occaſion find,
Whereby you ſhall repay their high contempt.
Then ſhall this hand imbrued in theyr blood,
Worke their decay and do my country good

But if your mightie courage ſcorne to abide,
From ſwift reuenge impatient of delay:
Then is your ſtate in fortunes ballance tride,
And you I feare be found too light to waygh
With maſſy Greekes. Heauens grant it proue not ſo
If into Greece my brother *Paris* go.

With that he ceaſt. But now he is deceaſed,
Ah, heauen-borne *Hector* how ſhall I lament thee?
For in thy wane my hope of life deceaſed,
O now till now I neuer did repent me,
That ere I did this voiage vndertake,
Hector it greu's me only for thy ſake.

Of his aduiſe was *Helenus* my brother,
A man well ſeene in *Circes* magick ſeaes:
And of that counſell was there yet another,
Who *Pentheus* hight, all theſe it did not pleaſe.
Beſides *Caſſandra* which did gaſtly cry,
What will you do? alas we all ſhall die.

My Father yet whom nothing could content,
*T*ill ſome reuenge were had on *Aiax* pride:
For me his ſoane in ſecret hath he ſent,
*A*nd for my brother *Deiphobus* beſide.
Giuing vs charge our ſhips we ready make,
And ſaile from *Greece* reuengement there to take.

*T*hus did I goe commaunded by the Kinge,
My quarrell good for to redeme mine Aunt:
Or elſe from thence ſome pearle of price to bring,
In lieu of hir. *T*his did my Father grant.
Venus beſides ſayd to me *Paris* goe, (our woe?
Who now would thinke this ſhould haue wrought

But heauens, and Gods, and fates, and all conſpirde,
Our vtter ruins and great ouerthrow:
*A*las my heart with inward griefe is fierd,
Billows of ſighs the flames thereof do blow.
My clowdy braine from dropping neuer cleares,
Thus do I liue for thee in ſighs and teares.

But now nor ſighs nor feare can ſhew my griefe,
Hector what ſhall I therefore do for thee?
Shall I from *Læthe* borrow ſome releefe?
Or from that wofull wailing *Niobe*?
*T*hat mourn'd ſo long till ſhe became a ſtone,
O no thou glorieſt in reuenge alone.

*T*hen ſhall this hand for thee reuengment take,
If thouſands ſoules for thee reuenge may be
Vpon the *Greekes* ſuch hauock will I make,
*A*s they ſhall thinke that *Hector* liues in me.
And now to worke this barbarous route that trouble,
Me thinkes I feele my force and ſtrength redouble.

Champion I am for *Venus* now no more,
But I am Champion now for *Hectors* ſoule:
O helpe me *Mauors* I doe thee implore,
And in thy Warlike booke my name inroule.
*A*mong the *Martials* fauourd by thy might,
That I reuenge may worke in *Hectors* right.

Now ſhal my ſword plow vp the Greekiſh ground,
Where proudlie ietting they trace in and out:
And in the furrowes ſhal their bloud abound,
*T*hat pitious wights ſhall ready be to ſhout.
To ſee what riuers of their bloud ſhal flow,
*A*nd bone-pau'd waies for paſſengers to go.

*T*heir heads and harts togither wil *I* pile,
Making ſuch heapes as they that ſee ſhal wonder:
Their carcaſes which I doe holde ſo vile,
Shal all in peece-meale there be torne aſunder.
And when my wearie arme would faint with paine,
Ile thinke on thee and then begin againe.

Thus wil I hew a paſſage through their troopes,
Glutting my blade with gobbits of their gore:
Nor will I ſtint vntill *Achilles* droopes,
(Then did he kiſſe his Curtelax, and ſwore)
This wil I doe (O *Hector* in thy name,
Who hadſt thou liu'd, wouldſt haue done the ſame.

The aged king hath taken youthfull might,
And Lions courage in his Lambe-like yeares:
In thy reuenge the *Troyans* vow to fight,
And teare the *Greekes* like rauenous ſhe-Bears,
Hungry of bloud and renting with their pawes,
*T*hus haue we vowd reuenge in *Hectors* cauſe.

This ſaid, he ſtept to *Hector* where he lay,
Kneeling him downe amongſt the mourneful crew:
His ſable weeds I ſaw him throw away,
But what his meaning was I cannot ſhew.
Vnleſſe the *Greekes* then to aſſaile he ment,
*T*aking his leaue of *Hector* ere he went.

Next him came in that gallant Grecian dame,
Pride of her Countrey, mirror of hir kind:
Earths only ſtarre, from whoſe faire beames there came,
Helena. Heat to inflame with loue the coldeſt minde.
Beauties exiſtance, Ioy of ſpeculation,
Helens ſweet ſelfe, a word of admiration.

She wept and wailde and tore hir golden haire,
Hir daintie treſſes farre more pure than golde,
Earthes mettal is too baſe to make compare,
With that which thoughts diuinely doth vnfolde.
Yet this ſhe tare and threw it from hir head,
When ſhe beheld hir brother *Hector* dead.

O now the murder that hir hand had wrought,
If with thoſe haires ſhe ſhould haue throwne away
The ſeueral harts that euery haire had caught,
O what a murder had ſhe done that day?
Then had hir ſhame beene regiſtred in bloud,
As now hir fame in beautie long hath ſtood.

The ſiluer teares diſtilling from hir eies,
Run downe hir cheekes the Roſe and Lilly fields:
A ſugred ſtreame where thirſtie *Cupid* lies,
And drinks the *Nectar* that the fountaine yeelds.
Til ſtormie ſighes doe make the boy to quake,
And force him thence his winged flight to take.

Thus dooth ſhe weepe and teares aboundant ſhowre,
Which bluſtering windes do driue from off hir face:
And then they fal vpon that ſnowie towre
Her necke, and thence into a lower place.
Til at the laſt they in her boſome reſt,
who coucht was there might thinke that he was bleſt.

Such were the teares of *Albions Stella* faire,
Which in continual raining ſhe did ſhed:
And ſuch her ſighes which Ecchoed in the aire,
When ſhe heard ſay hir *Aſtrophil* was dead.
Two ſo ſweet creatures neuer mournde afore,
But *Helens* griefe was far exceeding more.

For

For now ſhe fares like one that frantike is,
She weepes, ſhe ſighes, and often doth ſhe ſwound,
If euer *Tellus* lou'd a creatures kiſſe,
Now is ſhe proud when *Helen* kiſt the ground.
And when hir eies thoſe Orbes of *Troy* are cloſed,
The heauens to raine do ſhew themſelues diſpoſed.

The drooping clouds in foggie miſts deſcend,
Troy ſeemeth darke ſo long as ſhe is dead,
And til againe her eies their light doe ſend,
To cleere the vapours that are ouerſpred,
Continuall howling they about hir keepe,
Whoſe ſhrikes awake hir from hir coathing ſleepe.

Then ſhe *Gradatim* heaued vp her eies,
And bloud gone backe retyrde into her face:
The duskie weather cleered in the skies,
When ſhe gaue light vnto that gloomie place.
Thus heauens are dark and ſhine when ſhe is bright,
So ſhe a goddeſſe made both day and night.

Then as hir ſenſes did returne againe,
To that faire ſubiect where they lou'd to tarry:
Speaking like one that had a troubled braine,
Or elſe whoſe hart did ſundry torments carrie.
With halfe-ſtopt breath ſhe muttred ſoftly ſaying,
Hector dead, *Troy* gone, *I*, I al decaying.

With that ſhe ſtarted and began a-freſh,
Renting hir garments, throwing forth hir breſts:
She profered violence to hir tender fleſh,
But feareful hands denide ſuch bolde requeſts.
What violent hand doth touch, and yet not wither,
The throne where al the Graces ſit togither?

Thou cruel *Pyrrhus* glutton-thirſting bloud,
Curſt is thy hand that kilde ſo faire a maid:
Vpon whoſe forhead beautie crauing ſtood,
And yet thy hand hath not from murther ſtaid.
Curſt be thy ſire, thy ſelfe to death be done,
Ye kilde a king, a Virgin, and his ſonne.

Then did ſhe goe to *Hector* where he lay,
Weeping vpon him in exceſsiue raine:
And with her angels voice ſhe gan to ſay,
Hector, ſweet *Hector* O reuiue againe.
With that me thought I ſaw him heaue his head,
She ſhrikt for ioy, but he againe was dead.

Iniurious *Parcæ* huſwiues of mans life,
That ſpin the threads and cut them off at pleaſure:
O *Atropos* why did thy fatal knife
Cut off from *Troy* ſo rich and great a treaſure.
And *Lacheſis* why didſt not thou ſtill ſpin,
Sweet *Hectors* life that euer ſhould begin.

But all iniurious fraught with cruel ſpight,
Ye ſhortned haue this worthy *Hectors* daies:
Why doe you not reſtore his eies to light,
Now that the voice of ſuch an angell prayes?
O were you men and had the power to giue,
At *Helens* praier *Hector* needes ſhould liue.

Could trees and ſtones, in *Orpheus* tunes reioice,
Was he ſo pleaſing, and dumbe things ſo witty?
And ſhall an heauenlie grace with humble voice
Beg at your graces, and you ſhew no pittie?
But now your power is not life to reſtore,
Yet waſt your powre t'haue let him liu'd afore.

But ah the paſsions that ſhe then indured,
When falſe illuſion did deceaue hir ſight:
Of *Hectors* life hir ſelfe ſhe halfe aſſured,
When he (God knowes) ſlept in eternal night.
Then was her greefe far greater than before,
And hope deluded made hir torment more.

Like to a Sayler beaten on the ſeas,
With boiſterous tempeſts and outragious ſtormes:
Long wiſhing land for his repoſed eaſe,
That ſpies by chance ſome earth-betokning formes.
And makes amaine to them with ſpeedie courſe,
Hoping to find for ſorrowe ſome remorſe.

But when he comes to his desired ken,
And there doth find nor show nor signe of land:
O sillie man how is he greeued then,
That euer hope did beare him so in hand?
Then fals his hope, he vnder hatches goes,
Leauing his life to *Neptune* to dispose.

Thus was she tost the sweetest soule aliue,
Billoes of water beate within hir breast:
No *Phœbus* faire the vapors dark may driue,
From that sweet *Sphere* whereon they were possest.
Sorrow it selfe I thinke did loue hir so,
That euen for loue twas loth awaie to goe.

For when she spake (at length she gan to speake)
"(Things that are violent may not alway last:)
With greefe and dolour did hir silence breake,
And euerie word of sorrowe had a tast.
Then in the anguish of an heauie hart,
To *Hector* thus hir mind she did impart.

Hector (quoth she) O thou that wert our staie,
More are the cares which I for thee sustaine:
Then were the woes of faithful *Iulia*,
Though for hir Lords loue she hir selfe hath slaine.
Yet can I neuer be sufficient sorie,
Seing thee dead that wert our only glorie.

Glory of *Troy* and wonder of the World,
Gem of true Nobles, knight-hoods full suffisance
Ah, why hath Fortune now hir wheele so hurld,
To throw thee downe that wert our whole assurance?
While thou didst liue I anchored in thy might,
Now *Hectors* dead, who shal for *Helen* fight?

Woes me (alas) this day the Fates conspire,
To worke my ruine and my endlesse vvoe:
Novv shall the *Greekes* enioy their full desire,
And I vvith home-spun *Menalay* shal goe.
Eyther to be vvith him a loathed vvife,
Or else haue iudgement here to lose my life.

Hard is the Laborinth that I labour in,
Deadly the drift that I am driuen to,
If I goe backe, al *Greece* derides my ſinne,
If here I ſtay, I die, thats better tho.
Better to die a thouſand deathes and more,
Then liue contemnd, who honourd was before.

Yet wil my *Paris* fight in my defence,
So hath he vow'd for me and *Hectors* ſake:
Achilles treaſon wil he recompence,
Or elſe ſuch hurly-burly will he make,
As wel the *Greeks* his vengeance great ſhall know,
Thus in a furie did my *Paris* vow.

But (ah) my loue leaue off that reſolution,
Troylus and *Deiphobus* ſhal fight for thee:
Worke not at once my whole confuſion,
Stay thou at home and helpe to comfort me.
For if that thou ſhouldſt eke by chance miſcarry,
What were the greefes that in my hart would tarry?

The ſweet yong *Troilus* that is yonder mourning,
To whom thou art, and *Hector* was ſo deere:
Shal for you both with puiſſant hand be turning,
His hardie foes vnto a daunted feare.
He ſhal reuengement for my *Paris* make,
Which thou didſt vow to doe for *Hectors* ſake.

Then did ſhe fly to Paris as he went,
Throwing hir Iuorie armes about his neck:
Criyng the hower of hir life was ſpent,
If vnto hir he had not due reſpect.
O ſtay with me, and if thou needs muſt die,
Wele die togither, and togither lie.

But he whom now both loue and wrath had ſworne
To be reuenged for his brothers death:
These faire perſwaſions ſeemde to hold in ſcorne,
Although ſhe praid him, that was as the breath
Of life to him, his vow he would not miſſe,
He thus reſolu'd they parted with a kiſſe.

A kiſſe ſweete kiſſe, for ſhe did ſtay ſo long,
Hanging vpon him, cleauing to his breſt:
Sucking his lippes, breathing in amoung
His ſigh-burnt lunges an aire that made them bleſt.
So neuer any had attaind ſuch bliſſe,
Had not ſalt teares been mingled with that kiſſe.

Then to hir mourning did ſhe fall anew,
Weeping for *Hector*, and for *Paris* praieng:
This twofolde griefe ſo chang'd hir roſy hew,
That glorious beautie ſeemd to be decaying.
But that it might not part from ſuch a place,
No more then't could from morning *Stellaes* face.

Yet was ſhe chang'd, whom doth not ſorrow breake?
The ſweeteſt flowers ſooneſt are a fading:
Beautie is mightie: yet hir ſtrength but weake,
If heauie care do once become hir lading.
Hir vertue ſtrong triumphing ouer all,
Hir ſubſtance though moſt ſubiect vnto fall.

The meagre palenes of that fretfull worme,
Sitteth ſo nere to each true mourners skin:
That ſhe that whilom was of luſty forme,
Through ſorrowes anger looketh now but thin:
Thus *Helen*, faire *Helen* began to fade,
On whom the Gods the Sunne of beauty laid.

Sooner doth fall the Roſe then doth the Nettle,
The huſwiues cloth out-laſts the ſilken twine,
The brier brags when goodly Oakes do ſettle,
Phœbus goes downe before that *Cinthia* ſhine:
Thing's of eſteem do fall when worſe are ſtayd,
So *Helen*, faire *Helen* began to fade.

Alas that *Hector* is not liuing ſtill,
That *Helens* beautie might haue floriſht euer:
O if ſuch worthies muſt death rites fulfill,
And neither forme, nor ſtrength may them deliuer,
Why do ſo many men in theſe our daies,
Horde vp ſuch treaſure, and ſuch buildings raiſe?

They make their houſes like to goodly townes,
Proud ſtately turrets menacing the ſtarres:
They do not know that fortune ſometime frownes,
How antient Cities are defac'd by warres.
Poore *Troy* and *Verlam* can declare of olde,
That fame doth lie in neither ſtones nor gould.

Nor do they thinke they can liue euer here,
Hector and *Helen* ſhew that cannot be:
Why do they then ſuch mightie buildings reare,
Making in clay their liues æternitie.
Knowing not when they can no longer laſt,
Fame dies with them and honour all doth waſt.

Then let him liue for euer, and in honour,
Riding triumphant in fames golden Carre:
That holdes the pen and ſword ſo high in fauour,
And by his bounty guerdons both ſo farre,
As when the pen hath regeſtred his fame,
The ſword hath ſworne for ay to guard the ſame.

O let that man for euer be adornd,
Build him a temple on *Pernaſſus* hill:
Sing of him muſes whom he neuer ſcornd,
Sound warlike trumpets with his glory fill
The empty aire, together blaſe his fame,
That loues you both, O euer praiſe his name.

But now is *Helen* weeping all this while,
No worlds delight can make hir leaue lamenting:
Hir hart of griefe is now become an Anuile,
Sorrow doth bed and ſighs are ſtill tormenting.
Then in plunges of a pained ſprite,
She fayd to *Hector* thus and bad me write.

Ay me (ſweete *Hector*) how am I tormented?
The fulnes of wrath is powrd downe on me:
If euer womans ſtate was yet lamented,
Mine may be waild that now bevvaileth thee.
O might I die I ſhould heauens ire fulfill,
But now they make me liue to plague me ſtill.

They make me liue to ſee ſweet *Hector* dead,
This is the torment wherewithall they greeue me:
A greater plague could not hang ore my head,
And that they knew, for nothing can releeue me,
Vnleſſe they will reſtore thy life againe,
Whom they in anger haue vntimely ſlaine.

But (ah) they did it for my laſting paine,
Framing a torture to endure for euer:
This was procurde by *Iunos* iel'ous braine,
Who works my woe by ſtrength of great endeuour.
Only by cauſe ſhe went without the ball
That *Venus* got, thus doth ſhe plague vs all.

And now thou dearling of the world moſt deare,
By thee it is ſhe works hir high deſpight:
Stopping the paſſage of thoſe beamys cleare,
By which thy life did lend thine eies their light.
Then giuing out in hir hate moſt enuious,
That *Helen* was cauſe to make me odious.

Thus doe I liue of all the world deſpiſde,
The *Troyans* harts doe inwardlie repine:
And though their formes be outwardlie miſguiſde,
Their thoughts perſwade them that the fault was mine,
That this our flower, our piller, and our ſtaie,
Did fade, did fall, through death did flit away.

But *Hector* now I doe appeale to thee,
And vnto witneſſe doe I call thy ghoſt:
If thou vvert not as dearelie loui de of me,
As of the wight that could affect thee moſt.
While thou didſt liue I lou'd thy vertues euer,
And ſince thy death my hart al ioyes doth ſeuer.

O ſpeake *Andromach* and *Hecuba* ſpeake,
How did my ſoule it ſelfe to ſorrow yeeld?
When we with him in weeping tearmes did breake,
Touching the dreame, diſwading him the field.
How did poore *Helen* his life then beg with you,
As with your ſelues his death ſhe vvaileth now?

For who (alaſſe) hath greater cauſe to mourne,
And in continuall teares lament his death:
Streaming a tide that neuer doth returne,
Then ſhe, to whom his life vvas liuing breath.
For though through *Troy* a deadly ſmart be found,
Yet mine is moſt who neerlie ſeeks the wound.

The Gods conſpirde, it vvas not *Helens* fault,
That *Hector* dies or if that *Troy* ſhall burne:
Iuno from heauen poore *Ilion* doth aſſault,
And all hir force againſt it doth ſhe turne.
Who warres vvith Gods and comes not to the worſt?
Then *Iunos* cauſe that *Troy* decayeth firſt.

Venus beſides commaunded me to come,
And ſent hir *Cupid* to prepare the vvay:
Then how vniuſtlie am I blamde by ſome?
Saying, *Helen* the vvhore wrought *Troys* decay.
For if the Gods decreed it thus before,
It vvas their vvils, and *Helen* is no whore.

But vvho vvould think that heauens ſhould malice bear?
That their perfection ſhould admit of anger:
An ouglie forme ingendring gaſtlie feare,
A monſter foule preſaging nought but danger.
Who vvould ſuppoſe ſo huge & vile a beaſt,
To lie and harbour in a Goddeſſe breſt?

Yet this did *Iuno* foſter in hir lap,
Iuno vniuſt both vnto *Troy* and me:
And in hir mallice hath ſhe laid a trap,
How *Troy* ſhould periſh, and I torturde be.
Which both are done by cutting *Hector* ſhort,
Troys onlie Caſtle, *Helens* chiefeſt fort.

With that ſhe vveeping wrung hir hands and cride,
Hector O *Hector*, this was all ſhe ſaid:
Then did ſhe ſeat hir by hir ſiſters ſide,
Where ſtill ſhe vveepes, but then hir ſpeech was ſtaide.
Sorrovve forſt ſilence, griefe ore-came hir hart,
And thus a ſaint did act an helliſh part.

The *Troyan* Nobles all lamented there,
In sable garments fitting to their woe:
Deiphobus and *Troylus* with a heauie cheere,
For *Hectors* death doe wander to and fro.
The people too doe make a dolefull noise,
And call on *Hector* iointly in one voice.

Hector, O *Hector* from a troubled spirit,
They crie amaine as if they would him pull
From death to life, and bring his eies to light,
Which now was sunke into his hollow scul.
Hector, O *Hector*, *Hector* thus they crie,
Who being dead they all do seeme to die.

Then doe they walke all mal-content about,
From place to place not knowing where to rest:
Sometime they stand and giue a monstrous shout,
Like to the yell of a many-headed beast.
And then returne to *Hector* where he lies,
The men in grones, the Women in outcries.

Like to the kinde and louing naturde Bees,
That swarme togither if but one be greeued:
Which leaues his hiue and seeketh hollow trees,
They fly with him and looke he be releeued.
Humming they mourne as if they felt his greefe,
So they can sorrow but lend no releefe.

Then as a Ram that doeth retire back,
To make returne with greater violent force:
So wil these folks their cries outragious slacke,
And go lamenting still from *Hectors* corse.
Till by and by they will returne againe,
Shriking in teares, like thunderclaps in raine.

Or like the billow beating on the shore,
That fals off gentlie making little noise:
But when he comes againe doth rage so sore,
As men far off may heare his raging voice.
Swelling with some through *Greeke* puffing pride,
So do they yell when they're by *Hectors* side.

They vveep, they waile, they mourn, they fret with anger,
They ſweare, they vow reuenge for *Hectors* ſake:
Their harts are boldned through their preſent danger,
Although for greefe they driery wailings make.
Thus al amaſde they wander to and fro,
His life did pleaſe, his death did irke them ſo.

They curſe *Achilles* in this bitter rage,
They frowne; they grin, their teeth they ſternly whet:
Like deſperate men they ſay nought ſhal aſſwage
Their ire but bloud, on bloud they al are ſet.
But why do we *Achilles* name, They ſay,
Which heauens pollutes & darks the brightſom day?

Alas poore *Troy* what wight can ere bewaile,
And not lacke words to write thy great lamentings:
To tell thy vvoes euen *Ieremie* might faile,
That writ ſo well *Ieruſalems* wamentings.
For who can forth thy cruell tortures ſound?
Not angels toongs though ſuch on earth were found.

How doe they crie along through euery ſtreet,
With cloathes attorne and faces aſhie pale?
What mourner doth not with a mourner meet?
When they togither tel a doleful tale.
Here men lament, there women gaſtlie crie,
There virgines ſhrikes do pierce the azure skie.

Now euery one doth read their owne decay,
The Wiues do crie, now ſhal we liue to ſee
Our husbands ſlaine. The men againe can ſay,
The time's not farre, we al ſhal ſpoiled be.
And then togither doe they crie at once,
Novv ſhal our babes be daſht againſt the ſtones.

Our daughters rauiſht, and our ſonnes be ſlaine,
Our friends be murderd and our ſelues and all:
Then do they weepe in ſuch abouudant raine,
Such laſting ſhowers from their clouds doe fal,
As *Troy* did ſeeme in that tear-ſhowring ſtound,
Not like to burne, but rather like to drownd.

Thus

Thus doe they mourne the moſt diſtreſſed wights,
On whom the Gods did in ſuch vengeance frowne:
That heauen depriu'd them of their vvonted lights,
For *Troy* ſeemd darke when *Hector* was put dovvne.
Hector they cal, and they may cal their fill,
For he is dead, and they are weeping ſtill.

Then did *Troys* ghoſt againe to me appeere,
Goe thou (quoth ſhe) and ſhew to *Albion* this:
Bid hir take heed ſhe holde hir *Hector* deere,
And wel regard him while he liuing is.
For vvhen he dies as dooth poore *Ilion* heere,
So vvil faire *Albion* ſorrow then I feare.

She vaniſht then, and thankt me for my paines,
Although (quoth ſhe) few others wil doe ſo:
Wiſe heads wil deem't too light by manie graines
For vvho (alas) can rightlie weigh my vvoe?
My woe and griefe that toongs can neuer tel,
But now giue *Hector* this, and ſo farewel.

For that (my Lord) I bring it vnto you,
For other *Hector Albion* novv hath none:
Though valiant knights faire *England* hath inow,
Whoſe worthy fames throughout the world are known,
And eke whoſe names ſhal one day forth be ſhovvne.
Yet but one *Hector* hath our Countrey tride:
Prudent in peace, in Warres an expert guide.

FINIS. I.O.

An Olde Womans Tale in her ſolitarie Cell.

IT fel about that time of the yeare,
When *Phœbus* with his beamis cieer,
Looked on *Tellus* with a pleaſant face
Almoſt from the top of the higheſt place
Of his ſtately throne, where he in pompe rideth,
And through the heauens (as him liſt glideth,
Carried on Palfreis, whoſe wondrous ſwift pace
Circuit the Welkin in a daies ſpace,
So faſt they wend and neuer tyre.
It pleaſd him now with his temperate fire,
To put iuice and moyſture ſoot
Both in the branch and alſo in the root,
And with the countnance of his beamis ſheen,
To make the trees and the graſſe greene:
In the month that hight Flower of the Spring,
Wherein birds ſweetly tune and ſing,
And flowers are the ground embelliſhing
By reaſon of this looke blandiſhing,
When fiſhes in the brookes are playing,
It was in May when they go a maying.
¶Once on a morning in this goodly tide,
When *Aurora* in the brightneſſe of hir pride
Looked ſo freſhlie on vs heere,
That euery man by himſelfe, or with his fere,
She doth inuite to walke abroad,
And with hir in the fields to make ſome aboad,
I walked forth my ſelfe alone,
To ſee the pleaſures *Flora* doth lone

To earth and to creatures all.
*Walking and wandring thus, it did fal,
That as I went through a thick Wood,
Where trees by trees ſo nigh ſtood,
And their leaues are ſo togither gone,
That *Sol* doth ſcarſely his light ſhowne
To them that thorough there paſſe.
*At length I light on a fine place,
Strongly enuironed with trees faire,
Through which there came a pleaſant aire,
That breathed ſvveetly through leaues whiſtling
Where birds on the boughs do chirpe and ſing,
Where pleaſant fountaines ſweetly are flowing,
And on whoſe banks flowers dainty are growing
like to a little Paradiſe.
*Now in this ſtound buſie were mine eies,
To ſeeke and ſerch in euerie nooke,
What pleaſure more might yet be tooke,
And what delight I might ſtill haue,
At length I light on a hollovv Caue,
Into which leſſe wiſe then hardy:
I vvent, putting my life in ieopardie.
For it might haue beene the Den of a Lion,
Or the place of ſome monſtrous Dragon,
Or rauenous Wolues might haue beene there,
Or ſome deuouring hungrie Beare.
But as Fortune would it better fell,
For it hapt as I ſhal novv tell.
*When *I* was into the caue ycome,
I had no ſooner ſet foot in the roome,
But an olde Woman of looke thin and pale,
(For alack) melancholie makes bloud faile,
Speciallie if Age be ſitting therevnto,
Then muſt the luſtie red awaie go,
And meagre bluneſſe ſit in his place,
Such God wot was this old womans face,
Which time and care had well furrowed,

With wrincles deepe, ſo long ſhe had ſorrowed
With bitter teares and inward greeuance,
But yet ſure ſeemd to me hir count'nance,
Inly to ſhew ſparkes of gentilitie,
And that ſhe liu'd there only through ſome malady
Of diſcontent and griefe great conceaued.
She now hath kindly me receaued
Bidding me welcome with many words faire,
(But there was neither ſtoole nor chaire
Whereon to ſitte, Hermits ſeld been ſtor'd,
But with blockes and ſtubs ſuch as the woods afford,)
And after ſome words of courſe paſſing,
She askt me how I was thither comming.
Sithens (qd ſhe) with vs it is not vſuall:
That paſſengers do amongſt vs fall,
Our cells and caues they been ſo deuious,
And not to trauellers obuious,
They been ſo fenc't with thornes and breers,
As they ſeldome admitte vs any feres
To make recourſe or to or fro.
But ſince it was thy fortune ſo,
To find this cell which none could euer
Eſpie before ſince I came hether,
I hold it done by the diuine influence,
And that thou wert led by ſome great prouidence,
Only that I might make relatiowne,
Vnto thee of my ſtate vvholly and condiſiowne,
Of my cares all and calamitie,
And why I liue in this cell ſolitarie.
Wherefore if thou liſt in good diſcretion,
Awhile to abide vvithout indignation,
And to heare vvith gentlenes and patience,
By and by I vvill do my diligence,
To acquaint thee withall though it be nought pleaſing
To thine eares, yet to my hart vvill it be great eaſing.
Then did ſhe beſtir hir vvith great buſines,
To get a breakfaſt in readines,

Which when ſhe had done with many puffes and pain,
It was a cup of faire water and a root ſcrapte cleane.
Here was a high matter in a lowe houſe,
The mountaines ſweld and brought forth a mouſe.
But yet the giuer made the gift great,
And me thought it was then a rich banquet,
The author made the gift ſo pretious.
For who would be at ſuch a time curious,
Or fill his mind with diſdaine? but rather requite,
For the Widdow gaue much that gaue but a mite,
Gifts are great as they are taken.
But now to hir talke hath ſhe hir betaken,
The breakefaſt is done ne might it long dure,
For there was no dainties to feed on ſure.
And then with a countnance ſad & words mildly ſpoken
With teares blended, ſhe hath with me broken.
It is (ſaith ſhe) no wonder in the courſe of Fortune,
Though ſhe do not in one thing long continue,
She is aye ſo full of alteration,
Of ficklenеſſe and variation:
She is ſo brittle and ſo mutable,
So inconſtant and ſo changeable,
As euen now ſhe will a faire looke ſhew,
Smiling vppon thee with a ſmooth brow,
And glancing with a pleaſing eie,
And then on a ſudden by and by
Will ſhe gloome vpon thee with ſuch a frowne,
As ſpitefully ſhe'l worke thy deſtructiown,
She is like a *Syren* that ſweetly will ſing
When ſhe intends a man to bring
To his end, or yer he be aware
Of hir cruell poiſon vnder hir face ſo faire.
I hold him vnwiſe that wil hir truſt,
For when he hopes moſt, ſhee'l lay him in the duſt,
She is of ſo vile and naughtie nature,
She loueth worſt an honeſt creature.
But who ſo ſcornes hir through ſurquedry and pride,

She

She loues to be ſtil by his ſide,
She is not conſtant to any euer.
For how hath ſhe by her falſe indeuor,
Thrown downe *Priam* from his royall chaire,
And *Hecuba* his queene ſo faire?
How made ſhe *Xerxes* ſcape awaie in a whirrie,
Whoſe fleet once the ſea would ſcarſe carry?
How hath ſhe to queene *Elſtred* done?
And how cauſd faire *Roſamond* to mone?
And how (though ſhe was meanly borne)
Hath ſhe made *Shores* wife forlorne,
After eſtate and high calling,
And brought hir to moſt wofull falling?
But I liſt not in Examples bide.
Thus hath she dealt with me beſide,
For once I was, "Then did ſhe weepe,
"wringing hir hands and great mourning keepe,
"Till at the laſt hir teares she ſtaid,
"And then againe thus hath she ſaid.
For once I was my ſelfe flourishing,
Both in vvealth, beautie, and many other thing,
I was then rich as I am now poore,
What Fortune lends we muſt reſtore,
I liu'd at pleaſure hauing ſiluer and gold,
And I was then yong as I am now olde,
And she that is now of pale wrinkled hevv,
Was then as freſh as any roſe new,
Luſtye of flesh and comelie in colour,
Red mixt with white, pleaſing in fauour.
Gracing with my lookes both in hall and bowre,
But theſe are al withered like this flovver
That is freſh to day and dead to morrovv,
Alas they be not ours we doe them but borrovv
Of Fortune and Nature tvvo that vvil cal
Home for their goods, and take avvaie al
When ſo it pleaſeth them but to ſcovvle,
Alaſſe vve haue neither bond nor rovvle,

Wherein they are tied, they are ſo free ſtil,
And we in their farmes are but tenants at wil.
*T*hey are certaine to vs for neither yeare nor day,
*T*hey are theirs to giue and theirs to take away.
Yet thus did they fauor me while I vvas yong,
If I did ſpeake, they ſaid *Orpheus* ſung,
If I did my Lute in my hand take,
They ſaid *Apollo* did muſicke make.
If I did dance and my bodie moue,
The Graces daunſt and loue was in loue.
If I were merry and gladſome,
A number were frolike and gameſome.
If I were diſpoſde for to be melancholie,
Few for that while would then be iollie.
For vvhen I taught mine eies to frovvne,
Straight would they learne to put mirth adown.
*T*hus in my youth after a faſhion,
I was as t'vvere Queene of that Region,
I meane of that little circuit vvhere I did wun,
For great homage vvas to me done,
And beautie vvants not ſeruants ſtore,
*T*hat vvil obſerue their miſtreſſe humor,
*T*hat vvil be both diligent and pliable,
Neceſſarie and conformable
*T*o ſay or doe as fits hir fanſie beſt,
*A*nd ſo in my youth vvas I bleſt.
I had men of good ſort that were my Wooers,
"For beautie is neuer vvithout louers.
Such as were of mine ovvne degree,
Men of good Gentillitie
*T*hat vvere of vvorth, and beſides verie braue,
For ſo wel could I my ſelfe behaue
with ſo ſvveet cariage, my looks ſomtime graue,
Sometime more pleaſant as occaſion would,
And as indeed a Woman ſhould,
For in ſooth there muſt be varietie,
"Men of one thing ſo ſoone take ſatietie.

*T*hus

Thus could I then deuiſe,
As Women can with their eies,
To intangle men in the ſnare of Loue.
Novv is it a thing we dailie proue,
That who ſo for another digges a pit,
Falleth himſelfe ofte in it.
For as I was then buſie laying ſnares
To catch Loue in my golden haires,
(For gold they were when I vvas in prime,
Though they be now ſiluer by courſe of time)
As I was making baits for deſire:
Behold, now comes a vvorthy Eſquire,
A man of ſuch countnance and viſage,
Of ſo rare forme and perſonage,
Beſides with manie parts ſo vvel adornd,
As *Venus* hir ſelfe could not haue ſcornd,
Nor yet *Diana* for al hir chaſt life,
To haue beene to this goodlie man a vvife.
He vvas ſuch a one as the *Troyan* knight,
That wooed *Helen* that Lady bright,
Or like to him of *Theſeus* kind;
Demophoon that did of *Phillis* finde
So much loue for his little loyaltie,
Such vvas his form, though not ſuch his royalty:
Or like to him that now *Hector* hight
Of *Albion*, that thrice noble knight.
For his fame doth hither to theſe woods ſound,
And in moſt places it is found.
He is ſo famous in vertues glorie,
That birds of him record a ſtorie,
On willow boughs as they ſit and ſing,
And *Eccho* doth hither his praiſes bring.
For alaſſe I ſeldome abroad ſtray
To liſten nevves, but I haue heard ſay,
He is wondrous vvorthy, & of a comely ſtature,
Of a ſweet conceit, and a courteous nature,
Winning with his vvords, & pleaſing in his cariage,

In view amiable, and ſweete of viſage,
Such a one ſure was this gentle eſquire,
For a heauenly face mouing deſire.
For no ſooner now did I him ſee,
This comly man, this worthy he,
But ſhe now (alas) that whilom was ſo free,
And teaching all others in loue to be,
By hir faire lookes and eies in chaunting,
By hir beautious hew loue only vanting:
Is now (alas) inthraled in the ſnare
Which ſhe for others did prepare,
Now is ſhe for hir ſelfe to ſeeke remedy,
Who of late could eaſe a numbers malady.
Phiſition now thy ſelfe cure,
Ay me I learnt to ſay them ſure,
As many had ſaid to me before,
I loue: I, and a great deale more,
For Women though they couet couertly,
Yet men to them deſire but ouerly.
Theyr loue is nothing ſo hotte,
And yet this aduantage haue we gotte:
That though the Cow to the Bull crieth,
And the Mare to the Horſe niyeth:
Yet the man to the woman ſpeaketh,
And vnto hir his loue firſt breaketh,
Although women often thinke their owne harts broken,
Till beloued louers of their loue haue ſpoken.
And then too forſoth for ſhew of modeſty,
We muſt make ſtrange, and alledge the honeſty
Of a ſingle life, we muſt keepe virginities,
And many praiers muſt be offred to their diuinities,
Which they would graunt were they not craued,
Men muſt looke at their ſhrines to be ſaued,
When in the men is power to giue
Vnto ſome of thoſe Saints whether they liue,
Or periſh through loue, but alas men know not,
When they haue this power, and ſo they do not,

Giue them their doom, "women ſo well diſſemble ſtill,
Well, now to loue it was my will,
And to be lou'd was his harts deſire,
Who ſaid he burnt in loues damned fire,
Such inward flames did kindle in his breſt,
That ſo long as I delaid, he found no reſt,
This he vowd with proteſtations,
And ſeald with ſighs and heauy lamentatio ns,
Begging at me with great humility,
That I on him would haue ſome pitty,
Elſe ſhould he (alas) by loue periſh.
Now did I all this while cheriſh,
A greater fire in my heart,
Loue had in me a bigger part,
And reaſon I had on him to haue remorſe,
Who was deeper wounded by the ſame force,
For though I ſmothered in the flame,
And vnder modeſty hid the ſame,
As in deede ſo we ought to proue,
Whether men diſſemble or truly loue,
Yet at laſt it burnt ſo ſtrong,
" (None can hide fire long,
That will by his light it ſelfe diſcouer)
That I was compelled to tell my louer,
That now I lou'd as well as he.
Here need no recitall be
Of our great ioy, there was no tarrying,
To hinder vs now from our marrying,
Both vvhoſe hearts loue had ſo ſharply vvhet,
That they were only onmariage ſet,
To try the knot of ioy and pleaſure,
The bond of loue, the louers treaſure,
But novv I vvill omit the complements,
The feaſtings iuſtings and turnements,
The maskes, banquets and iollities,
The routs reuels, and companies,
The ſights ſhewes and tragœdies,

Of state and for mirth the commedies,
That were at our wedding solemnised.
These being done it was deuised,
That I should now away wend,
With my new husband and my deare frend,
Into the country where he did then wunne.
And as it was deuised, so was it done,
And with him did I liue a happy wife
About twenty yeares during his life,
But when we had liu'd together so long
(O here begins my wofull song),
In all delight and honest pleasure
Tasting of ioy in a full measure,
In this the highest of my blisse
By death away he taken is,
He whom I did loue so dearely,
My stay, my ioy, my comfort merely.
Alas what neede I tell the monings,
The teares, the griefes, and the wofull wailings,
That then I haue most inly conceaued,
When Death from me hath him bereaued,
O let them iudge that know the like,
What seuerall torments their soules do strike,
Alas I die to thinke thereon.
With that hir speach was from hir gone,
She weps and wails and often to death swound
Falling with hir face plat vpon the ground,
She is with sorrovv so vvoe-begone
As one that ment to die anone,
But that ne may endure hir kinde.
Then doth she hir sences againe find,
Through that small aide that I could lend hir
In such a case vvho could not but befrend hir?
And after, thus telleth on hir vvofull story,
Ay me (she sayes) hovv could I be but sory,
From him that vvas so deare to part,
For loue and frendship make the knot in the heart,

When

When brotherhood knits but in the bloud,
Therefore *I* hold it oft more good
And leſſer griefe ſome brother to forgo
Then a faithful friend, but alas what ſhal I doe?
That haue loſt both a friend and a brother,
That was to me both the one and the other.
My husband, my rocke, my chiefeſt piller,
My hope, my ioy, my deareſt wel-willer.
But yet alack this is not all,
Such torments oft to others fall,
By death to loſe their husbands companie,
And ſuch as were their chiefe felicitie,
Many before me, ſo haue done.
*And for example take *Andromach* for one,
What were hir tortures when ſhe hir Lord loſt?
How vvas *Penelope* in ſorrowes ſeas toſt,
While hir *Vliſſes* floted on the maine,
Longing to ſee him at *Ithica* againe?
Yet might not enioy him of long time nor tide,
But (alaſſe) hir ſorrow vvas ſmal to abide.
*Now vvas al this but the ſtep to my woes,
The keie of care, the ground-worke of ſorrowes,
The feareful entrance to a further danger,
The bloudy herald of more cruell anger.
What ſhould I ſay the meſſenger of death.
O heers my griefe, now ſtops my breath,
Here is the cauſe of my calamitie,
And the verie floud-gate opening to miſerie,
O ſtaie a vvhile I cannot yet ſpeake.
Then did ſhe ſigh as if hir hart would breake,
Watering the furrows of hir wrinckled face,
With teares that ſhe ſhovvred dovvne apace,
Wringing hir hands, and curſing cruel time
That thus had changed ſince hir flowring prime:
But then ſhe cleered from that drooping raine,
And gaſtlie cries anew this was my deadly paine,
To ſee my children weepe and mone,

Which he left vnto me alone,
To see them in such pitious state,
Mourning to me, and I disconsolate.
*Alas he left me children three,
Children distrest and mother in miserie,
For father dead, and husband gone,
Yet doe the yongest not onlie mone
For death of their father, but for he vnkind,
Had them no dearer in his mind.
They waile his death & lament their own estate:
I weepe for both, we al curse cruell fate.
For now ere he died by will he gaue,
That *Maximio* the eldest should al haue,
So was he called that was my first-borne.
But the other two hath he left forlorne,
Whereof the one was hight *Medalgo*,
And the other was ycleped *Iunio*.
Only he stil reseru'd my portion,
For it was my ioynter by condition,
Ne could he that dispose awaie.
But for the yonger he left slender staie,
Little he gaue to them God knowes,
A poore pention he bestowes,
An annual rent of fiue pounds charge,
And yet he thought it ouer large,
To burden his house with such a pay,
Alas, alas, now may they wel say,
What booteth vs our birth or our bloud?
What doth gentilitie doe vs good?
What are we better then the base,
Seing Nature and Fortune thus vs disgrace?
O the great follie of *Albions* fond custome,
Iudge austere, O most vnequall doome.
Yet had *Maximio* still beene liuing,
(But fates after his father soone wrought his ending.)
Their wants by his bountie had beene supplied,
For to his hart they were so nighe tied,

That

That they ne might aske what he would not giue,
But he eke is dead and his ſonne doth liue,
His ſonne foſtred among his mothers kin,
Of whom they muſt now firſt begin
To inſinuate acquaintance if they would ought haue,
*A*nd yet aske and goe without, they ſay they muſt ſaue
For the yong infant *Maximios* ſonne,
But alaſſe vvhy had fate *Maximio* done
To fell death ſo ſuddenlie?
That he ne had his memorie
To doe for his brothers as nature would,
*A*nd as indeed their father ſhould,
Had he remembred Natures right.
Thus on a ſudden changed was my light,
My glorious ſhining and my ſummers daie
Is now gone downe and drencht in the ſea,
It ſetteth with the ſun, but neuer may ariſe,
For now alaſſe doth Fortune ſo deuiſe,
She that neuer did well for me,
But ſtill did thwart my felicitie.
For novv is my liuing gone to another name,
*T*hat gouerne the childe and enioy the ſame,
Onlie I haue a portion ſmall,
*T*o maintaine me and my tvvo boies vvithal,
An hundred pound yeerelie ſo long as I liue,
But now I ne might it ſell nor giue,
It muſt teturne from whence it came,
And all muſt glorifie the name,
I meane the eldeſt of the houſe,
When the *Dutch* are drunke (they ſay) thei le carouſe,
And where is enough there *England* giues more.
But now to returne where I was afore,
My husband and *Maximio* are now both awaie tane
By cruell death as thou haſt heard me ſayen,
And thus was I left then in miſerie,
With my two yong ſonnes to keepe me companie.
They liu'd on me ſo long as I could giue them,

what mother sees hir children want & not releeue them?
But alas suppose I had died next day,
After their father was taken away, sure,
As death might haue done had it been his plea-
for he neuer keepes times, houres, nor measure,
What should my children then haue done?
Alas, that they had, is spent ful soone,
It is not fitting to their calling.
But yet heare more of my wofull falling,
Heare now heare vvhat more befel.
*We did not aboue fiue years togither dwel,
I and my sonnes in whom was my delight,
But see now of Fortune the dogged spight,
For she now hath made a breach and partition,
Twixt my daughter in law & me hath she sown diuision,
Twixt me and hir friends that now they endeuor,
To worke my ouerthrovv quite and for euer.
And now mine ovvn kinred would not me back,
When one is in need friends oft are most slacke,
And if that Fortune once doe frowne,
Rather then support thee, they'l help thee down.
But if so be of them you haue no need,
They are most kinde and louing indeed.
Whom Fortune fauours they shal haue friends,
And friendship for most part with riches blends,
Pouerty is burdensom, & though he be of bloud,
It is no policie to doe him good,
For now vve must square al by policie,
Fie vpon this olde releeuing charitie,
They doe abandon't, it smels of poperie.
Thus doth preuaile this nevv-brocht fopperie,
Out of a vessel that seemeth pure,
Charitie novv there is none sure,
But that vvhich in hir kind discretion,
For hir selfe only makes prouision.
Or else so vvel can hir almes bestow,
As for one gift they must receiue two.

Friendes

Friends looke aloofe when one is poore.
But now I come where I was afore,
They ſtriue I ſay and ſeeke all they may,
To procure my fall and vtter decaie,
And now alaſſe haue they found the meane
To ruinate me quite and cleane,
Which in their high indignation,
They doe fulfill to my confuſion.
For now haue they ſought among the writinges,
Both new ſcrowles and old indightings,
Which my husband left behind,
And novv alas doe they finde
My iointure to be but ſlenderlie conueid,
My iointure on which my ſons and I both ſtaid.
They trauerſe the Lavv, and Lavv doth aſſure,
It is at their wil, if my liue lood endure,
Who vvere the heires vnto the land.
Alas that it ſo tickle ſhould ſtand:
Alas that a kind husband his vvife ſhuld ſo leaue.
Alas that *Maximio* did not giue
A better aſſurance while he was liuing,
But (good yong man) I thinke he knew nothing
That my ſtate was ſo tickle, for he nere perviſed
Theſe papers wherein I was thus abuſed.
And thus on me (O cruel thing)
My ſorrovves togither doe they bring.
For looke what lavv affoorded in extremitie,
That haue they performed in all ſeueritie,
Leauing me nothing nor my children neither.
O Fortune hovv art thou like the vveather
That is novv faire, and anon foule,
For a ſhort ſmile how long doeſt thou ſcovvle?
Alas thou art moſt pleaſed in euil dooing,
Ne dooſt thou delight in any good thing.
But ſure I may ſaie of thee now,
As the good-wife vvont ſaie of hir cow
That gaue a meſſe of milke new and ſoot,

And when ſhe had done, threw't down with hir foot,
Thy ioy is moſt in an euill turne,
And then thou laughteſt when thou makſt others mourn
For making one poore *Abdolomine* a king,
How many doeſt thou to low eſtate bring?
In wicked works is thy glorie euer.
But why doe I againſt thee perſeuer?
Alas *Englands* cuſtome workes my vvoe,
And cuſtome of *England* doth me vndoe.
For though my husband to me was kind,
Yet wiſe men are often blind,
And led awaie with a fond antiquitie.
Alas that wiſe men ſhould not ſee,
Nor Nature make them to haue remorce,
Why doe men doe againſt Natures force?
I doe not now for my ſelfe complaine,
But for my yonger ſonnes twaine.
Alaſſe my yongeſt were as deere to me,
As was *Maximio*, why ſhould they then not be
As deare to him as was *Maximio*.
And yet this ſure I would haue thee know,
That I would haue a difference made,
So that the eldeſt ſhould not vpbraide
The yonger of beggerie,
Nor that the yonger ſhould on him relie.
*Let the yongeſt haue portions to keepe them like men,
Fitting their birth and calling, and then
That the honour and chiefe liuing go to him might,
That is the firſt-borne, as is his right,
But now hath he giuen all to *Maximio*,
What did he thinke that I did aſide go?
Or beget he the reſt for luſts ſuffiſance,
After he had one borne to his inheritance? (make?
Why do men of their yong ſonnes no more reckoning
But o fowle cuſtome it is for thy ſake,
Men are ſo giuen to memoriſe their name,
And oft in ſo dooing they procure their ſhame,

As

As by and by thou ſhalt vnderſtand.
But O vile cuſtome only proper to this land,
For if it be as I haue heard ſay
Nor *Fraunce* nor *Flaunders* take this way,
Neither doth *Italy* ſo nor *Spaine*,
Only in *England* it doth remaine,
And yet in the beſt gouernd part of this lond,
I mean in the famouſt cittie of all *Albion*,
The politicke Citizens do ſo prouide,
That the yonger Sonnes ſhall not ſtand in neede
Of the elder, though they giue him the land (hand,
That they buie in the country through their induſtrious
Only our Gentlemen keepe this order,
Whereby doth riſe this great diſorder,
That many Clownes do here become gentlemen,
Who ſcrape, and ſcratch for their Sonnes, and then
Send them forſooth to an Inne of Court,
Where the ſonne of a Gentleman hath report,
When his father (goodman) will driue the plow,
And his mother milke and ſerue the Sow,
Thus doth the franklin in *England* riſe,
And the baſe-borne Brat doth the gentleman deſpiſe,
By reaſon their fathers leaue them ſo poore,
And that is his ſhame that I tolde thee of afore,
*But marke now and thou ſhalt ſee euen by my ſonne
What this vile cuſtome in *England* hath donne,
But in other countries they ſeeme more wiſe,
The Hog in his owne dung lies,
They keepe the Peſant vnder and the *Kerne*,
They do ſo well of their kinde diſcerne.
The Bore puts not on a veluet skin,
Neither in ſilke is the Borin,
They may grow rich, but they keepe theyr place.
And this to *Ireland* is a great grace,
Which though ſome call it vncluill and rude
Yet (they ſay) they are with this vertue indude,
The *Kerne* lowborne ſhal neuer come a floate,

He ſhall not ſtep into a gentlemans coate,
As God and nature make them baſe,
So ſhall they keepe ſtill in their place.
But this now to *Albion* is high diſgrace,
For here the Clowne riſeth and Gentilitie put downe,
Only by olde cuſtome and vnkind faſhion,
We do not with the *Danes* vphold gentilitie
But with the *Swiſhers* we cut off their dignitie,
As now but liſt and I ſhall thee tell.
For after all this hap that now me befell,
That my husband was dead and my louing ſonne
After my foefment was by law away don,
Being now left in all this meſery,
My ſonne *Medalgo* went into another country,
In which place for what ſhould I tarry?
He lou'd a yong-woman and did hir marry.
By whom God bleſt him with children many,
For bleſsings they be though wealth he had not any,
And ofte it falleth that the poore,
When rich go without haue children ſtore,
Who wiſheth ofte wanteth, who cares not to haue
Shall neuer neede of fortune to craue,
She is ſo blind ſhe cannot well ſee,
She lets the wiſe vnprouided be,
And giueth to fooles with a liberall hand,
Fortune fauours fooles, a prouerb often ſcand,
And too too true may a number ſay.
But now is *Medalgo* at a weake ſtay,
Wealth he hath none and charge doth ariſe,
Wherefore he's forſt of force to deuiſe
To maintaine his children, himſelfe, and his wife,
By taking vpon him a labourers life,
Where with his neighbours he is called good man,
Now loſt is the title of a Gentleman,
Se now the fruit of this faire bloſſome
Se the end of this cuſtome,
Now pouerty ſo hath ſhadowed his name,

As men in true view cannot ſee the ſame,
Alas the commons cannot giue mén their due.
They cal him maiſter that makes a faire ſhow
In riches & wealth, they know no difference,
But who hath moſt gold him doe they reuerence
And this is the fruit of that cuſtome fond,
Which now is inſtalled in this lond,
Eyther to make a begger of a yonger ſonne,
Or elſe vntimely to his death to be done.
For novv as *Medalgo* is to low eſtate brought,
So hath *Iunio* for preferment ſought,
Trying what Fortune vvould for him doe,
Bicauſe ſometimes ſhe doth fauour ſhevv
To yonger brothers, and for ſhe doth aduance
Men by the ſvvord and alſo by the launce,
Speciallie thoſe that are of noble ſpright,
In whom there is by Natures light,
A kind of Nobles raiſd from the common ſort,
An high yet mild mind, ſtil garding good report,
And yet ſtil aſpiring to higher honour,
And yet not riſing but by the ſtep of fauour
Purchaſed by vvorth, vvinning mens harts,
To aduance him more high for his vertuous parts.
Such a one hath Fortune novv vp raiſed,
And vvith renovvme his name blaſed,
Giuing guerdon to due deſart,
Who in euerie ſpring ſo plaies his part
As they ſaie, through his valour and manlineſſe,
Through his wiſdome, forecaſt, and worthines,
That himſelfe is now the hight the ſpring
Of honour, for this his braue doing.
They call him *ver*, which as I haue heard ſay,
Signifies the time that, when Winter is avvay
Delighteth the earth and creatures all,
With his pleaſant countnance for vvhich men do call,
And birds with their muſicke for ioy entertaine,
It is the time that puts life in the graine,

Sap in the tree, iuice in the graſſe,
Smel to the flower, beautie to the earths face,
Such is his glorie and renowne.
Whereof I ne may make relatiown,
An olde womans toong is farre too weake,
For if it be as I haue heard ſome ſpeake,
His fame is like to ſuch a ſpring
As neuer dies, alas it is a thing
For a ſweeter Organ and a better ſong,
Then to be told by an olde Womans tong,
Let him liue euer with honour and fame.
But novv I returne from whence I came.
Iunio my third and yongeſt ſonne,
Is now to the wars for preferment gone,
Wars the great worth which if Fortune fauour
Ennoble men with the richeſt honour.
But alas ſhe fauours well but few,
As thou ſhalt heare by that doth enſew,
For there had he beene but a while,
(*A*las my deere ſonne alas my good child)
But death hath bereaued him of his life,
Vntimelie did the ſiſter cut with hir knife
which Poets ſaien hath the twining of the thred,
Making (as ſhe liſt) men aliue or dead.
Alas I need not tel thee my woe,
*T*hou ſeeſt what greeſe I conceiued tho
That euer ſince fate theſe croſſes did giue,
I tooke this Cell where I in ſorrovv liue.
Then did the teares run dovvne hir cheeks,
Along through the furrowes like water through creeks.
*A*las me-thought it was a pitious ſight,
That ſhe that whilome was ſo faire a wight,
Shining like *Titan* in his gorgeous ſhew,
Should now in colour looke ſo wan and blew.
Coughing ſhe ſits, halfe choakt with teares,
*A*laſſe now (me thinks) who ſo this heares,
Should in diſcretion and ſound wiſedome,

Vtter-

Vtterlie condemne the foule cuſtome
Of *Albion*, for that cauſd hir woe,
When it hir yonger ſons did both ouerthrow
By want that great worker of confuſion
To many braue minds in concluſion.
For when a man that is well borne,
I meane of linage whom nature doth adorne
Eyther with Nobleſſe or Gentilitie,
Doth ſee himſelfe through Fortunes crueltie,
(For Fortune it is of cuſtome proceeding,
That men are driuen thus to be needing)
Like to incur pouertie or want,
By reaſon that liuing is verie ſcant,
What danger doth not he vnder-goe?
What perillous attempt doth he ſhrinke fro,
Where hope of credit or golde doth remain?
Chuſing rather ſo to be ſlaine
Then to liue in miſerie.
And yet (God knowes) it is of certaintie
That little here at home is their eſtimation,
Though they venter nere ſo for reputation.
"Peac-nuſlings ſo little eſteeme of valiancie,
And this is the fruit of that antiquitie
VVhich men in cuſtome now receiue,
That is, when to the eldeſt they al giue,
Leauing the yonger little or nought,
That many to their ends vntimelie are brought.
For now did *Iunio* aſvvell aſpire,
As could *Maximio* thogh in wealth he was hyer.
Yet muſt their minds be equal in deſire,
Being begotten both by one ſire
VVhoſe vertue in both had equal operation,
Seeing they vvere equall both by generation.
And *Anima ex traduce* ſome do hold.
Then if the father were magnanimous or bold,
VVhy ſhould *Iunio* hauing that father,
Be of a lovv conceit rather

Then *Maximio*, why ſhould his mind be any whit leſſe?
Or why ſhould his thoughts be of more baſenes?
Why ſhould not ambition in him dwel,
Seing he was a Gentleman aſwell
As *Maximio?* Why ſhould not a yonger ſonne,
Beare as worthie a mind as he that hath won
The wealth from them al? Alas it is not golde
That nobleth the mind, though the mind it vphold.
Paris was poore amongſt the ſhepheards knowne,
Yet had he a mind by which he was ſhowne
To be more high then a ſhepheards ſwaine.
And *Cyrus* too doth ſhew vs plaine,
That ſparkes of a Gentleman wil alwaies appeare,
Though Fortune often ſuch malice beare
That *Sparco* ſhall be the nurſe to a king,
And that a bitch ſhal food bring
To him that is heire to a crowne,
Yet wil the mind neuer be put downe.
She obſcures the worth, yet the mind ſhe cannot quel,
And yet too oft times ſhe dooth ſo deale,
That ſhe wil abate euen a courage ſtout,
For want hath no place to put their vertues out,
As they that haue gold which giues them a count'nance
The want whereof muſt needs be greeuance
To a good mind, to ſee meaner gifts preferd
Only by Gold, when better are debard.
O want is a gall that greeueth all good harts,
Want is a curb to hold in vertuous parts,
want duls good wits, want makes high ſpirits ſoft
Want keepes them low, that ought to ſit aloft.
Want in a man al good things doth conceale.
But O that cuſtome ſhould ſo deale,
To make fathers their ſonnes decaie,
Who ſhould in Nature be their ſtaie.
For what is it but their deſtruction,
Meerely their bane and confuſion,
As now more plainely ſhall appeere.

For

For ſure it is a caſe moſt cleere,
That the world lookes they maintaine their worth,
That their countenance be as was their birth,
That they hold their place and reputation,
That they keepe their credit and eſtimation,
That they maintaine the ſtate of a Gentleman,
Now would I know who he is that can
Maintaine all theſe without wealth & liuing,
For wealth though true honour it is not giuing,
Yet it is an ornament of Gentilitie.
As it is held to be to felicitie,
For Philoſophers deeme it is not of the beeing
Of *Suntmum Bonum*, and yet ſeeing
Men are not happie without riches adiuments,
They hold them to be felicities ornaments.
But yet in theſe daies they may wel be called,
The ſeat wherein Gentry is inſtalled,
Men in theſe times by their riches riſe.
For who ſo hath wealth that man is wiſe,
His words are reſpected with good aduertence,
He ſpeakes not a tittle wherein is not ſapience,
He is graue, ſage, and prudent,
He is the Orator only eloquent,
For who ſo ſpeakes by golds direction,
Speaketh ſoundly without contradiction.
Men that are rich are all in all.
Then do I maruaile that true Gentlemen fall
Into this cuſtome, to impoueriſh their name,
When the baſer doe ſeeke to extol the ſame.
Do they thinke their yonger ſons can liue of naught?
O this was the cuſtome that *Medalgo* brought
To beggerie, who was a man wel borne,
This is it that makes many men forlorne.
This was it that brought *Iunio* to his end.
*But ſure *I* maruel that men cannot mend
This olde, groſſe, and frantike faſhiowne,
Seeing that *Wiſedome* in hir diſcretion,

Prouideth for hir yonger sonne so vvel.
For though the eldest in hir honour shal dvvel,
After hir death and falling,
And be raised to honourable calling,
Yet doth hir *Iunio* novv remaine
In honour before, and his place hath tane
Of his brother *Maximio*, so hath wisedome forseene
In hir high pollicie, that the yonger should beene
Raised aloft while she is liuing,
Ne doth she seeke so much to be giuing
Honour to him, to whom of due
After hir death it must ensew,
If men were wise they vvould *Wisedome* follovv.
But novv is the olde woman in hir Caue hollow,
Where she waileth not so much for hir owne estate,
As of hir tvvo sonnes the cruell fate,
Banning and cursing such customes antiquitie,
As is the cause of so great miserie
To many braue mindes, which are vvel borne,
And yet like meane vassals left forlorne,
For conuenient prouision beseeming their vvorth.
But now from hir am I come forth,
Leauing hir (good soule) in hir melancholie Cel,
VVhere she intendeth aye to dwel,
Til *Atropos* doe for hir as she did
To hir husband and sons when she cut their liues thred.

FINIS. I.O.

Read wrest, Leafe, 5, first side, fift line, Flow, 8 le, 2, side, 8 li, Disheueled nine leafe, 1, side, 20 line, Wailes, line 24. forsaken 10 line, 2, side, 21 line, Billowes 13 lea, 2. side, 22 line, Teares 13 lea, 2. side 25. line, Then 15. l, 1, si, 31 li. That 17, l, 2 si, 11 line, Beat, same lea, 28 line.

Collated + OK
8/29/33 RA